

The New Courtier :

The Tune is, Cloris, since thou art fled away.



Upon the Change where Merchants meet,
 'Tis Cornhil and Thred-needle Street;
 Where Wits of every size are hurl'd,
 To treat of all things in the World,
 I saw a folded Paper fall;
 And upon it, these words were writ,
 Have at All.

Thought I, if I have at All it be,
 For ought I know 'tis have at Me;
 And (if the consequence be true)
 It may as well be Have at You:
 Then listen pray to what I shall
 In brief declare, what's written there,
 Have at All.

SONG.

I Am a Courtier, who in sport;
 Do come from the Utopian Court;
 To whisper softly in your Ear,
 How high we are, and what we were;
 To tell you all would be too much,
 But here and there a little touch,
 Have at All.

I was not many years agoe
 In tatter'd trim from top to toe:
 But now my ruin'd Robes are burn'd;
 My Raggs are all to Ribbons turn'd;
 My Watches into Pieces fall:
 I cogg a Dye, a Waggon and a Lye,
 Have at All.

Upon my Pantalonian Date
 I wear a Milliners Estate:
 But when he Duns me at the Court,
 I shew him a Protection for't;
 Whilst he doth to Protesting fall,
 I cry, Dam me, Sir, you lye,
 Have at All.

Since Venus shab'd off all my Hair,
 A powder'd Perrewigg I wear;
 Which brings me in the golden Girls;
 Came Royal for Dukes, Lords, and Earls;
 When Love doth for a Coler call,
 My Fancy drives, at Maids & Widdes,
 Have at All.

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 How high we are, and what we were;
 To tell you all would be too much,
 But here and there a little touch,
 Have at All.

I was not many years agoe
 In tatter'd trim from top to toe:
 But now my ruin'd Robes are burn'd;
 My Raggs are all to Ribbons turn'd;
 My Watches into Pieces fall:
 I cogg a Dye, Swagger and Lye,
 Have at All.

Upon my Pantalonian Pate
 I wear a Milliners Estate:
 But when he Duns me at the Court,
 I shew him a Protection for't;
 Whilst he doth to Protesting fall,
 I cry, Dam me, Sir, you lyē,
 Have at All.

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The Second Part to the same Tune.



My Lodgings never are in quiet;
 Another Duns me for my Debt,
 I had of him in Fifty three;
 Which I forget, so doth not he:
 I call him Scurvy Fellow, Sirrah;
 And draw my Sword, to run him thro-
 Have at All. rough,

Yet once a Friend that sav'd my Life,
 Who had a witty wanton Wife,
 I do (in courtesie) requite,
 Made him a Cuckold, and a Knight;
 Which makes him mount like Demis.
 Whilst she & I, together cry, [ball.
 Have at All.

But yet these Cits are subtle Slaves;
 Full of them Wits, and knowing Knaves:
 We get their Children, and they do
 From us get Lands, and Lordships too;
 And 'tis most fit in these Affairs,
 The Land should go to the right Heirs,
 Have at All.

A Soldier I directly hate:
 A Cavalier once broke my Date;
 With Cane in hand he overcome me;
 And took away my Mistress from me;
 For I confess I love a Wench,
 Be she English, Irish, Dutch, or French,
 Have at All.

A Soldiers Life is not like mine;
 I will be Plump, when he shall Pine:
 My Projects carry stronger force,
 Than all his armed Foot and Horse;
 What though his Porter-Pieces roar,
 My Chimney-Pieces shall do more;
 Have at All.

Thus have I given you in short;
 A Courtier of Utopia Court.
 I write not of Religion,
 For (to tell truly) we have none:
 If any me to Question call,
 With Pen or Sword, Had Nab's the
 Have at All. Wozd.